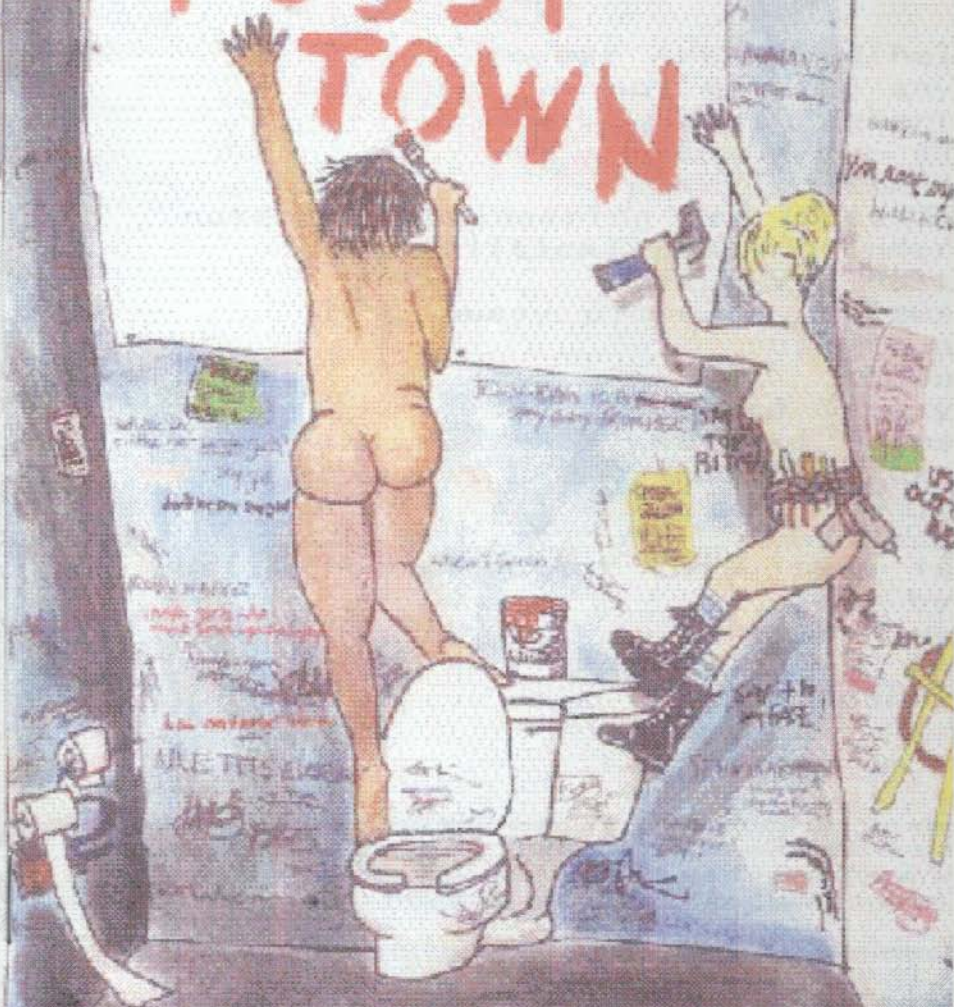


PUSSY TOWN



For Your DYKILICIOUS Reading Pleasure!

Vol 1 Issue 1

Inside P^us^sy^Town

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untitled art

most written content this issue is
by
ya ya
&
seeedee

it is the goal of pussytown creators to produce pussy-positive, creative, provocative, fun, sexy, grrrl-focused content. if you want to contribute to our zine, e-mail us at queerzine@hotmail.com. we're interested in getting one or two more regular artists/cartoonist to contribute. all writing may be edited. you will see a final proof of your work before it is published.

our theme next issue will be "crushes". the issue after that will be about "bi-phobia among lesbians."

if you found any of this content offensive, we truly do not care. you're probably one of those self absorbed signs that thinks your way is the only way. we prefer not to spend time scouring through criticisms.

*we do love a good debate though, so if you have a well thought opposing opinion to something written here, we might publish it. put the word "opposing" in the subject line of your e-mail.



Pussy picks...CD Review

The Gossip - That's not what I heard
 The Gossip has released their much awaited LP, "That's not what I heard" (Actually, it was released quite a few months ago, but who's counting). Even before I bought the Gossip's first EP, I heard so much buzz about this bluesy punk band with a singer with pipes that will kick you all the way to the Southern towns she's singing about. And that pretty much sums them up. Their sound is pretty sparse and rough - no bass player, just kathy on drums, nathan on guitar, and beth on vocals. But, fuck, does she ever sing it. Beth's voice is addictive, and her lyrics will make anyone feel like they're a hot southern dyke while belting along with deep guitar riffs sound pretty at first, but then become addictive and are a perfect complement to beth's voice. Any-
 her. The repetitive equally compli-one who likes grrrr punk, will love this band.



heard
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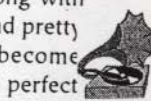
at the
 bar."

g u i c k l y popped it in when I got home. I wasn't prepared... Their cd has mostly serious songs, even one about child incest, and a sound that reminds me of some early hand-drumming: Ani Difranco. Almost all of the vocals are Bitch and most of the rhythm is Animal. However, Bitch steps in with her violin on some songs, and we do get to hear "drag king bar" and "pussy rack). couple apprec-light After listening to it for a weeks I have learned to ate it in a whole different from their performance. up - seeing Bitch and Ani- is a whole different experi- from their cd. I highly recom- mend the former and only moderately recom- mend the latter. I must add that I have only seen them perform once, so maybe I'm talking out of my ass.



Bitch and Animal - What's that Smell?

I must say, I was a little disappointed listening to Bitch and Animal's cd at first. I thought they perform a hilarious Pride with songs about bois and dildos, chanting "manifesto" with the audience as she belted "there's a ho-down there" beginning of "drag king". So, I bought their cd and



SOUND AND FURY

The hours seem longer each time
an each airport seems grayer
Do they even call it tarmac anymore
or is everything the same
Concrete
concrete words for concrete things
streaming tears are hardly
conscious - even when we
know why they fall
Smacking the gray runway
with the full portent
of our ~~concrete~~ neuroses.

There's a young man staring at me, wagging foot impatiently
as he's under the spell of his headphonic haze.
Another man makes magic of color on his laptop
repeating OS9 again until the illustrator crashes again.
A little boy eats banana his mother fed him
wide-eyed in wonder as he masticated the mush.
A blond streaked sandaled model girl talks on her cell
sipping coffee and an old Russian man reads the same story twice.

staring out at the gray skies and the empty planes.
sitting in the company of strangers
or whether she even thinks of me at all,
gossiping under her ~~finger~~ thumb in the dark
or whether she just wants me back
high in the air over Moscow
I wonder if she sees me in her mind
the silent rain outside the wall of windows.
right now and if I should be working
I wonder what I should be thinking about
skin smells when no one is near her
this very second and how her
I wonder what she's thinking

sicilian sorcery

Pussy desert.
a tale of dry days in the land of plenty

how is it possible that I am surrounded by queer wom*n all day every day, but haven't gotten laid in over 7 months? I will admit to being picky about who and how I fuck. But damn. Maybe I should wear one of those hideous orange stickers from dyke march sf that say, "Single Dyke." Or maybe stoop to putting an ad on craigslist advertising my pussy is open for bizness.

I broke up with Sabrosia about 6 months ago. I sped through the appropriate cycle of processing, being pissed, grieving, accepting, getting over it and moving on. The experience wasn't worth wasting too much more time on. So I promptly got my ass back out there, shakin' it and makin' it baybee, leaving bitches drooling. What I found out there though was this awful mix of wom*n who are looking to promptly tame themselves a grrl and move her in, and wom*n who'll fuck anything with tits and a cuchia. It was like a bad lezzy film with untrained actors lining up to play out every stereotype you can think of about lesbians.

I, of all people, should not have problems finding a short OR long-term lover. I don't have a strict physical type that I like. I'm equally attracted to the punk butch as to the gentle fem and everything in between. My rules are more about intellectual/spiritual station in life. I don't like having sex with folks who are stuck in mental puberty ~ or who want to use me as a vehicle to work out their early life bullshit drama. I think those standards are pretty basic. So I want a lover, not a patient - big fucking deal right?

Apparently it is a big fucking deal. Somehow with the plentitude of services available to people (especially in SF), the population of lesbians is hiding, waiting around for a mobile mental health van to go door to door, club to club, bar to bar - offering a listening ear and an opportunity to achieve a normal moment. Somebody give that bitch a gold star.

Don't get me wrong ~ I don't hate on crazy bitches because I come from a long line of them. You might as well tattoo crazy bitch on my ass. What I hate is the actively passive wom*n who don't know when to get some fucking help. Or who are always trying to find ways to avoid dealing with their shit. I mean really, go to the hospital ho - check yourself in if you have to - but by all means get your shit together before poisoning the queer dyke pool with your cyanide filled bleeding heart.

It's not me I feel bad for, it's my pussy. She's so good and she's been so patient, playing out our rituals. She lays low waiting for someone to come along that makes her tingle just by walking into a room. She let's me sleep instead of keeping me up all night wanting (like you all know she could). She only asks for exactly what she deserves. And every day I keep my senses open in case I find it for her.

sex w/the ex

i've been having sex w/my ex during my dry spell. i don't really count this as getting any since it seems more like post-relationship masturbation. we're both just getting off and it's not about how she looks or feels in my arms or even what's between us. it's about release. i've had a lot of sex, based on the need for release. and i've had a good amount based on attraction, mounting lust, deep connection. it's so different when someones presence, actions, words, and the way they're put together is the motivation for sex. so much more high, when you can't keep your hands off them and half of you is all about pleasing that wom*n, not just finding pleasure for yourself. i'm not saying that all sex with an ex constitutes masturbation, but when you're each others meantime grrrl it certainly can lose something. thank the goddess for meantime sex, with reliable known entities. and i'm praying to Her for that next taste of something new to send my hormones on the tilt-a-whirl and my body to space mountain with both hands in the air, screaming and ready to ride again.

YOU CAN'T DOMESTICATE A CAT

I am too young to be domesticated

But too old for your bullshit games
We can live behind these four walls with you stroking my back
And thinking of how you will play with me

Sistah, just know one thing

While you are putting out my nibbles
And water

While you are monitoring when, where, and whether I shit in the right place
While you look at me with distanced adoration
Feeling yourself tall above me

I am free

Like leaves on branches of big wild trees

Like the birds that perch on our ledge looking at me

Like the spirit which dies and lives again differently

I am free

With you

I am free

Regardless of you

Cocky,

You think you know what I am thinking

Even tell your friends what I am thinking

When I purr in your lap

But you haven't a clue

You pull the windows down just enough so I won't jump out into the street

And get away from you

But you tell everyone you're afraid I'll get hurt or lost

You are jealous

And insane to think you can domesticate a cat

Make me your companion at your convenience?

Right

I do what I want

And I will always do that

Without even compromise

Getting another cat won't help

You can't domesticate her either

Maybe you should get a dog to follow your lead and jump at your heels

Leave us kitties to our free, our moment, our untamed bliss

the political pussy grinder...

Did you hear California Senator Barbara Boxer on NPR? She was talking about the bi-partisan health care plan that would make life so much easier for us western medicine starved, hard-working citizens. She blasted the HMOs for paying their top people upwards of nine-hundred million dollars a year, while hanging poor granny out to dry without her cataract medication or the operation she needs on her hip. When challenged though, she stopped short of saying that there should be universal health care for all us US flag draped dupes that does NOT sit in the hands of corporate America!

Why is it the passable pussies in politics can sometimes be such dicks?

Pussy Rants... bitch vs. bust

First let me say that I respect both Bitch and Bust in their successful mission to provide fun reading that's relevant and educational to young feminists without the sponsorship from any yucky companies that are not in line with their feminist values. With that said, I can start cracking this shit apart...

I started reading Bitch before Bust, and after the first issue I was hooked. FINALLY, a magazine that spoke directly to me, that treated me like an intelligent person but didn't have a stick up its ass, that admitted a guilty obsession with pop culture while deconstructing and critiquing it. I anticipate the release of Bitch for MONTHS and when it finally comes out, I plop myself on my couch and read it cover to cover for hours until my head is pounding and my eyes wig out. Past issues have included a 4,500 word discussion on whether a film is feminist or not, 5 page interviews with women like Terry Queen, awesome grrrl music coverage, grrrls doing guerilla virgins, drag kings, witches, strippers, and awesome pop culture coverage including a column each issue with blurbs and rants critiquing and praising recent pop culture events. I am in love.



I glanced over Bust many times when at my local bookstore without buying it. The pages are glossy, the lettering colorful, and they always have a theme for each issue boldly displayed on the cover. It didn't really grab me. But then, one issue caught my eye with Margaret Cho on the cover, so I decided to give them a shot. After that initial purchase, I gave Bust several more chances, often drawn to the issue by the feature interviewee displayed on the cover (like the hotty Natasha Lyonne). I'm sorry for Bust that they had to come after Bitch because now everything in Bust is a comparison to Bitch. But regardless, I was thoroughly disappointed and somewhat annoyed. Most of their articles are no more than a page long, except their feature interview which is usually 2-3 pages. I guess they think young feminists don't have much of an attention span. The thing that ticks me off the most about this is that they interview some awesome folks from the cover features I mentioned to some of my favorite rock grrrls including Sleater-Kinney, Kathleen Hannah, and Cibo Matto, and they ask them the stupidest questions. As I said before, they have a theme for each issue like traveling, and in all their interviews they stick strictly to that theme, even when it makes the interview incredibly uninteresting. If I were to talk to Margaret Cho, I wouldn't talk to her about how she likes traveling, would you? And most of the interviews are so short they leave me waiving my fists in the air, yelling "AND!?" And I don't even want to get started on their token lesbian article. Instead of incorporating queer issues throughout its content like Bitch, Bust gives us dykes one article and ignores us the rest of the issue... thanks.



One of my favorite ways of comparing the two is by reading their letters sections. Bust's section is one page long with some short responses praising the magazine and a few critiques of articles ALWAYS followed by a really snotty curt response from the editors (How dare feminists have a dialogue about issues they care about and take Bust down from its pedestal!). Those letters are what I read first and piss me off before I even get to the content of the magazine. I mean, it doesn't even sound like they respect the opinions of their readers. The last issue of Bitch had 6 pages of letters, including a heated discussion about an article on fat-to-slim Hollywood women in the previous issue. Sure, the authors responded to their critiques, but responded thoughtfully and respectfully. I love reading the letters section of Bitch because I know they are always going to publish some well thought out criticisms, making the magazine an open forum for discussion.

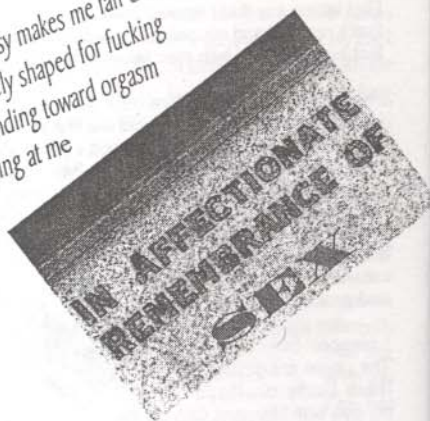
I know the editors of Bust are well intentioned, but I just wish they would give the readers the benefit of the doubt that we have attention spans longer than 1 page, and that we will be able to understand a discussion that goes past the theme of the season. It seems to me that Bust often sacrifices content for cutesyness. Maybe I'm totally off and they're target audience is 14-16 year olds... which would make them a more successful magazine.

More kudos to Bitch... I was heart-broken when I found out you almost went under! If you have not gotten the most recent issue of Bitch, go buy it NOW, and keep Bitch alive! For the sake of all us pop-culture junkie grrrls!

not getting any

I'm so horny my pussy has grown legs of her own
She marches up to my shoulder and shouts in my ear
Get us laid ho before I have to stage an uprising

I'm so horny sometimes my pussy makes me fall down
On things that are appropriately shaped for fucking
And before I know it I'm grinding toward orgasm
And my evil pussy is laughing at me



I'm so horny she messes with my vision
And what used to look like NO WAY
Starts looking like OKAY

And I find myself flirting with smugly
Until I'm knocked back into my senses by that weird smugly smell

I'm so horny that only one little drink
Get's me feeling all loose and playful

And when you brush up against me by accident

I'm wishing it on purpose

And imagining you hollar while I lick your horny blues

Into a night red sky

I'm so horny that my friends become my prospects
And the subject of dreams that are at the very least disrespectful
Where obscene is closer to true
And I know we're close like sisters but uhm
A little incest never hurt anybody right?

I'm so horny

That I have to write it down

And maybe one of the grrrls who reads it

Will be hot and having similar problems

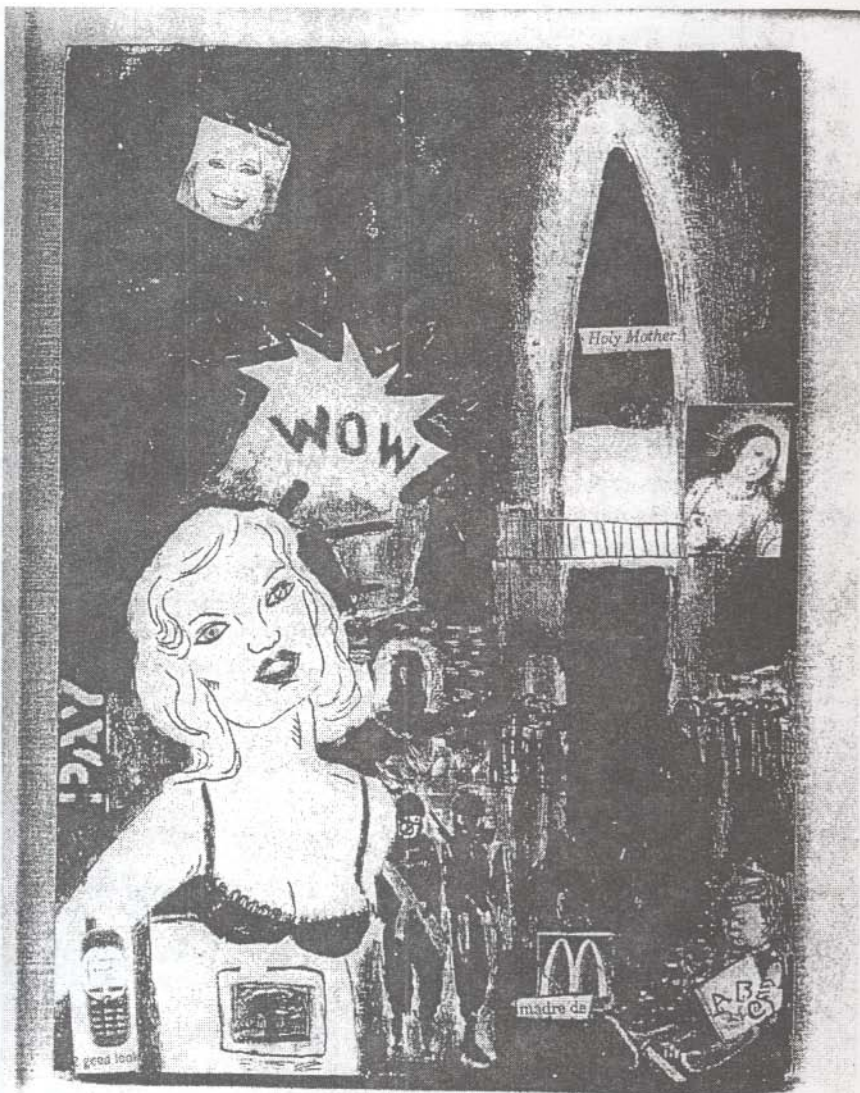
And will let her pussy compass lead her to my doorstep

It will not have been in vain

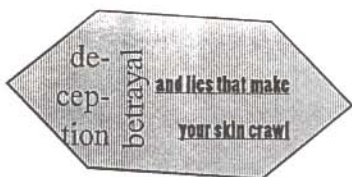


eat my dreads





this page by rachel



funny that you would try
to offer me advice,
to condescend to me
sitting on your bed
after guiding me in to
play video games
with our friend who
you've been fucking.
what could you possibly
tell me about how to live,
or love
when you haven't had
your shit together for
more than three days at a
time. crying and
bemoaning old losses.
and not a tear for us.
lying to yourself
and to my face even now.
crocodile tears my
momma used to call
them.

only i had never really
thought that grown people
did that - cried for affect
or to manipulate. you
were the first to show me
this. i'm a little colder
now for having known
you. a little less likely to
believe my eyes and ears.
a lot more likely to hold
an arm up and show the
palm of my hand like
dianna ross and the
supremes. space between
me and the crowd. stop.

i wondered why i was so angry at you both. why couldn't i just move
on from this betrayal with a smile and a wave. good riddance to bad
medicine and all that. especially you, my "friend." and then one day
another friend stated the obvious and i finally got what it was. she said
you show a different side of yourself to your friends than your
grrrfrinds. and there is this unwritten expectations that your friends
will always outlast your grrrfrinds. so when you fucked her and she
fucked you, i didn't have a friend at all left in that scenerio. from
everything you both told me i thought i was closer to both of you than
either of you were to each other. not by design, just by circumstance.
and the truth is no one could have convinced me that either of you
would toss "us" out to create a new "us" without me. my friend also
told me that every wom*n knows that fucking with your friends mate is
just something you don't do. i've never been betrayed by a friend in my
adult life, so i had no reason to expect it or suspect you. and when my
grrrl told me she was hurting and down, i just took that at face value.
and when my friend told me she'd never get between two friends/
lovers, i didn't think she was trying to convince herself. i just thought
we were sharing. like we did. now i'm trying not to make everything
about looking over my shoulder. but anytime someone volitates your
trust, your body or spirit, that's a tall order to fill. you can't just go back
and to believing that people who say they care always have your best
interest at heart. you have to find a new way to love and be loved.

every time i hear a song we listened to together
it makes me want
to puke

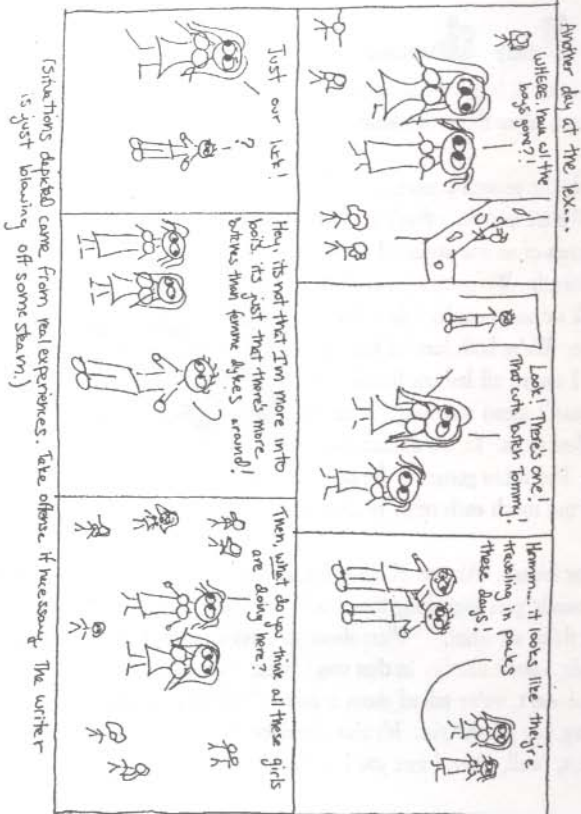
i ran across your picture the other day
and i felt like
i should puke

if you had to fuck me over couldn't it be with
someone else besides
our friend

i walked away so calmly but in hindsight
i should have
destroyed your shit

and i'm now happy but i hate you
cuz you deserve to be hated
you lying bitch
lying bitch

you should never use your childhood shit
to excuse your foul behavior
stop feeling sorry for yourself
do the sf dykes a favor
and move away



down
 if your girlfriend insists on counting the days, weeks, minutes you've been together
 be careful ladies
 she might not be counting up
 but counting down

if she seems overly confused about where she is in life, where she's been in life, where
 she's going and even what she wants to eat for dinner tonight
 exercise caution
 she might not be headed anywhere
 but down

if your love is always telling you that you do things to her no one has ever done
 and that she's never ever felt the way she feels with you
 watch your back
 what sounds like an exaggeration usually is one
 she might not be down for you at all

if she tells you not to touch her because she's having flashbacks of past abuses
 and you're the only one she's told
 be careful grrrls
 she might just be a spineless, delusional, liar
 going down
 on someone else

Pussy dilemmas...

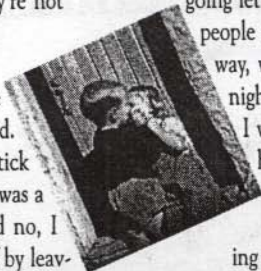
Poll: Can two lesbians be good friends with no current or former romps in the bed, no sexual tension, and no intentions other than friendship?

Well, apparently the general consensus in this city is no. A good friend and I battle with this issue all the time. We are friends... that's it. When we met we pondered whether we wanted to go there but agreed neither of us was attracted to the other. We then quickly became good friends. We go to a lot of dyke events together and people ALWAYS think we are a couple. I don't know what it is. We're not even each others type. We're both kind of fem, she likes the dirty girls, I like the cleaner bios. I mean, all lesbian friends flirt with each other, it's not a big deal and it doesn't mean anything. It seems everyone knows this except when it is applied to us. Ya, we sometimes flirt with each other, why not, its out in public we joke about fun, I like her. But, it has gotten to the point that when we are together we better not touch each other because it may give people the wrong impression.



The worst is our friends. Almost all of my friends have broached the topic multiple times. The conversation usually goes something like this: "I bet you'll hook up with one of your friends soon or later," "I don't think so, who?," "What about you and C, why aren't you two together?," "um, we're just good friends, I don't like her in that way," "well, maybe YOU don't, but she sure does," "oh please, no she doesn't, we've talked about it before," "oh, yes she does, I've seen the way she looks at you"... Anyway, you get the gist. It's also a problem with people we are dating. They often eventually admit, "well, when I met you I just assumed you were with C".

So, after discussing our dilemma recently, we came up with a solution. It's crystal clear that everyone is really stuck on us getting busy and they're not going let it go until we do. I don't know why, maybe picturing us together gets people really hot and bothered, which is actually pretty flattering. So any- way, we changed our story. When we met we did hook up. We had a one night stand and it was HORRIBLE. We are both way to controlling in bed. I wanted to fuck her with a dildo but she wouldn't let me, she wanted to stick her huge fist in my cunt and that was just NOT going to happen. She was a horrible kisser, I think my whole face was covered with saliva, and no, I don't like having a tongue shoved up my nose. I think I pissed her off by leaving a couple hickeys on her neck, her temp job wasn't going to like that. We both left that night feeling frustrated, horny, and slightly grossed out. We didn't see each other for weeks, then ran into each other at a club and started talking. That's when we realized we were much better matched as friends.



So, there, are you happy now?

I recommend this as a solution to anyone having the same problem we did. So far, everyone has seemed pretty satisfied with the story. If they really want you to sleep together, than give them what they want. And you'll have fun making up the story.



astro pussy



We've got the same sage advice for all dyke signs. These things apply no matter where you are in your life or what your sign.

1. Have a life! find something you like doing and do it in your spare time...no one likes a clingy leech
2. Read! grrls might still fuck you if you're cute (or they're horny)...but no one respects a stupid grrl
3. Have a sexual specialty! we've all bumped, grinded and licked - the creative lez gets the grrl
4. Never try to control your grrlfriend...she will leave you and should.
5. Make noise during sex...it's your pussy not the fucking library
6. For your own sake pic a style (even if it's a different one each day)...being a dyke is not an excuse to be a slob

The specifics...

Aquarius: Sorry to be the bearer of bad news but what you've been suspecting is true. Your grrlfriend is cheating on you. For those Aquarians not currently tied down, that grrl you've had your eye on is a big cheat...be warned. Ask yourself if you're willing to face the heartache that is destined to follow that great sex.

Sagittarius: Stop being such a bitch! It's summer time, lighten up. Your idea of fun might not jive with the folks around you. Let the grrls in your circle pick the activities for the next couple of weeks. You'll have more fun than you think - and probably the best lay of your life.

Gemini: You're on a role grrl. Don't let anything stop you from the hot play that's finally on your horizon. Set that wunderpussy free!

Aries: As long as you continue to believe your own bullshit...you'll never become a person you or any wom*n can respect. Stop blaming your shortcomings on others, get off your cute little ass and do something worthwhile.

Scorpio: The world does not revolve around you. You're dead wrong this time. Fucking apologize for a change and then relax. Your grrl is getting sick of your shit, so either say I'm sorry or be ready to say goodbye. For those w/out grrls, stop sulking and go be the life of somebody's party. We're all waiting.

Taurus: Read some sexy texts, watch some porn, and get yourself all revved up for the crush whose had her eye on you. She'll make her move this week, if you make yourself seem more available. If you whip it out, she'll pounce so stop wearing those outfits that hide all the goods.

Leo: Quit cheating (or fantasising about cheating) and just leave her. It's her own fault for trying to tame the queen of the jungle. Make amends for dirty shit you've done in the past year and reclaim your spot as top animal. For single lions, summer is your favorite time of year. Take control of the wild and roar when your newlady hits the spot.

Virgo: Put that wild plan into action and watch the grrls drop into your lap. The last hot dream you had becomes a reality this week if you drop the chastity belt and spread 'em.

Libra: If you keep playing devils advocate, when your grrl needs you to be on her side, you'll soon be sitting in an empty room. You'd better squash your rational instincts for a while and show some heart. She needs to know you've got her back. For you singles, the ladies you're attracting hate wom*n who straddle the fence. Show you can make a choice and stand by your own ideas.

Cancer: Stop crying and start shouting. Your grrl won't respond to your tears anytime soon and she's starting to think you're a weakling. Next time she gets smart w/you, show her whose boss and 10 bucks says you wind up fucking on the dining room table. Single chics: be bold this weekend and get exactly what you go for.

Pisces: Find that hottie where you never expected. You've been going the same dyke places for a long time. This week step to someone outside your circle and enjoy the sexy fruits of your labor. For coupled queers, take your grrl directly to the beach - even if it's not your usual spot - and find out something new about each other.

Capricorn: You've been feeling like no one really knows who you are - that's because you've been a closed off, judgemental bitch for months. Now's the time to open up to a close friend and stay open when she makes a move. You two were meant to share this time. Coupled Capricorns: whip out your favorite toys and concentrate only on each other. Work and family can wait!